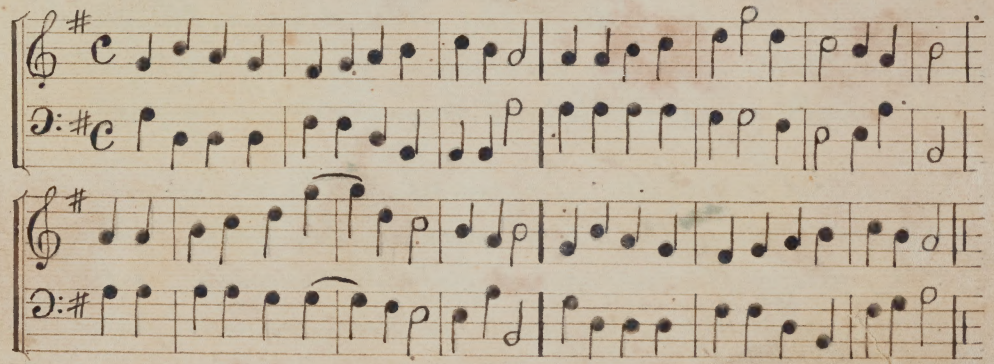
Christ in the garden. 11 s.



1 While nature was ~~smiling~~ sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight were dim in the west
O'er fields, by pale moonlight, to lonely retreat,
In deep meditation, I wander'd my feet.

2 I passed by a garden, I paus'd there to hear
A voice faint and falt'ring from one kneeling there,
The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinners part.

3 I listen'd awhile, then I turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be;
When lo! I discover'd knelt down on the ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found.

4 In off'ring to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
Himself as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
His locks, by pale moonlight, were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were rais'd;
While round him in grandeur stood angels amaz'd.

6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down on his bosom roll'd blood sweat and tears;
I wept to behold him; and ask'd him his name;
He answer'd, 'tis Jesus! from heaven I came!

7 I am thy Redeemer - for thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, which are many, are laid upon me,
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee.

8 I heard with attention his story of wo,
While tears of repentance, like rivers did flow;
The tale of his sorrows, to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

9 With sighs of contrition, I loudly did cry,
Save, Lord, or I perish! – Save, Lord, or I die!
He smil'd when he ~~saw~~ heard me, and said to me Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!

10 How sweet was that sentance, ~~which~~ it made me rejoice!
His look how consoling! how charming his voice! –
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, Hosanna! Oh! Glory to God!!

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above!
My soul's full of glory of light, life, and love!
I think of the garden, the blood, and the tears
Of that lovely ~~stranger~~ Savior who banish'd my fears.

12 The bright day of glory, is rolling around,
When Gabri'l decending the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in rapture of glory shall rise,
To gaze on the ~~stranger~~ Savior with unclouded eyes.

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His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised
While round him in grandeur stood angels amazed

6 So deep was his sorrow-so fervent his prayers-
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Brewster Hamilton